

**Sticking to the Disagreeable Job.**  
It is the man who can stick to the disagreeable job, do it with energy and vim, the man who can force himself to do good work when he does not feel like doing it—in other words, the man who is master of himself, who has a great purpose and who holds himself to his aim, whether it is agreeable or disagreeable, whether he feels like it or does not feel like it—that wins.

It is easy to do what is agreeable, to keep at the thing we like and are enthusiastic about, but it takes real grit to try to put our whole soul into that which is distasteful and against which our nature protests, but which we are compelled to do for the sake of others who would suffer if we did not do it.

To go every morning with a stout heart and an elastic step, with courage and enthusiasm, to work which we are not fitted for and were not intended to do, work against which our very nature protests just because it is our duty, and to keep this up year in and year out require heroic qualities.—Success Magazine.

**The Most Dangerous Fish.**  
The shark and the octopus are usually looked upon as the most dangerous among the denizens of the deep, but it appears that fishermen who frequent tropical waters have a much greater fear of the devilfish, the green moray and the swordfish. There seems to be unanimity of opinion that the shark and the octopus will not attack a boat, while the others which have been mentioned will. And, moreover, the attacks of the devilfish, the moray and the swordfish are a great deal more terrific than those of the shark and the octopus.

The devilfish is a large ray which inhabits the warm waters of the Atlantic. It attains a weight of a ton and a half, has horrible looking teeth and a barbed, poison holding spine in its tail which it uses with tremendous effect when it assaults a party in a boat. The green moray is to be met with off the coast of Bermuda. It resembles a conger eel, but is green in color. The moray is reckoned the most savage inhabitant of any water.

**The Year and the Calendar.**  
After Julius Caesar corrected the calendar the year was still 11 minutes 14 seconds too long, amounting to one day in 128 years. As the centuries passed the interval between the commencement of the year and the spring equinox grew less. It was not, however, until 1582 that anything was done about it. Then Pope Gregory XIII. set out to remedy the difficulty. This he did by directing the suppression of ten days outright. In order to provide for the future he ordered that all century years (1700, 1800, etc.) which would ordinarily be leap years should be common years unless they were multiples of 400. This arrangement, which still holds good, leaves only one day too much in 3,400 years. A French scientist has proposed dropping an additional day in the year 3,200 and repeating the process every 3,200 years. This would leave us short one day every 80,000 years, which may be considered correct enough for all practical purposes. At any rate, the matter is not pressing.—New York Post.

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**The Undoing of the Bum.**

By EMMA ARCHER OSBORNE.

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**E**ARLY summer had arrived and the population of the great city had turned itself out of doors en masse. The season of grand opera had long since passed, but a reminder of its glories in the form of an aria loaded hurdy gurdy, manipulated by a vigorous, swarthy Italian, was pang-pang something from "La Sonnambula." The machine was crushing away in hard, metallic precision and with the courage and confidence of a five thousand dollar a night prima donna.

The Bum, perching and asleep in a lumpy mass on the end of a bench in Paradise park, awoke with such a start that several of the perpetual sons of rest near by were visibly alarmed. Some of them moved away hurriedly.

But the Bum's movement proved not menacing. He merely shook himself, listened a moment, glared at the hand organ in no pleasant mood and shuffled away in the direction of Chatham square.

The hurdy gurdy, as if with malicious intent, moved also and right at his heels broke into something sturdy from "William Tell."

The Bum now seemed roused to anger. He turned savagely and was on the point of engaging in pedal combat with the instrument when, as if to call off hostilities, it struck into "Yankee Doodle." The Bum, desisting from his intentions of maltreatment, fled for his favorite gin shop, where he sank into the farthest corner.

Commencing with the heavy noises of the streets and the rattling elevated trains was "Yankee Doodle." The stirring old tune seemed bent on a new march to victory, for on it came, sometimes so indistinct that it was almost lost, but its unconquerable risibilities bringing it out every time above the city's roar, louder, stronger and nearer, until it was at the very door of the saloon, arousing and beating human emotions into activity.

The Bum lifted his head and listened. The anger so recently in his countenance had disappeared. He arose; he straightened his big, gaunt self; he carried his head high; he walked to the door of the gin shop with a firm step, passed out and down the street.

And a new light shone pitifully from his deeply sunken dark eyes.

On he went, traveling a little more than a mile—the mile that was destined to prove the most momentous of his life. He hesitated not until he caught a glimpse through the canyon-like street of his objective point. Then he felt a bit uncertain.

Scarcely knowing what he was doing and perhaps from a long established habit of leaning against things for support, he reached out a hand and rested it for a moment against that mountain of strength, the subterranean. New energy seemed to be imparted to him by

**THE BUM GLARED AT THE HAND ORGAN.**

the act, for he stepped boldly across Wall street and entered a great granite building.

His personal valuation was materially depreciated when he was summarily ejected not two minutes later by a functionary in servile blue and many brass buttons.

"Beggars not allowed," he snarled, pointing to a framed sign hanging in the corridor.

But the Bum had a mission to perform, regardless of unfeeling bouncers. He went away for awhile, came back and stood gazing wearily at the debonaire beings swinging in and out of the big building unrestrained, while they in turn looked contemptuously down upon him from the superior heights of their good clothes.

The Bum seemed not perturbed by their superiority. Indeed, he was

wholly callous to it. He was occupied deeply on how he might elude the vigilant doorman.

"I must get in there," he muttered.

"I can't go back without hearing something about them and her." Then he looked doubtful. "Perhaps Bill wouldn't see me, after all."

He was startled from his perplexities by a motor car dashing close to the curb and stopping beside where he was slowly passing.

A large, well built man sprang from the machine and in doing so jolted against him accidentally.

"Your pardon, sir," apologized the man. The words were scarcely uttered when his face went agape.

"Merciful God!" he breathed.

The Bum, too surprised to move and his own face ashy pale, mumbled something that sounded like "Bill!"

The hearty clasp that inclosed the trembling hand of the Bum dispelled all doubts as to how "Bill" would receive him. The other hand he brought down on the Bum's shoulder with a glad thump.

"Jim," almost shouted the man; "Jim, can it be possible this is you?" And tears, manly, shameless tears, were plainly visible in the blue eyes of William Van Camp Higginson. He linked an arm affectionately within that of the dirty, unkempt bum.

"Come inside," he said.

There was business of importance that morning for the banking house of Higginson, Matthews & Pollock, and when Mr. Higginson's arrival was announced partners and clerks hurried to counsel with him, but Mr. Higginson waved them off. He passed on through the long hallway straight to his private offices.

He pushed the Bum in gently ahead of him, closed the door and locked it.

"Jim Pierson, where in the devil have you been all these years?" then adding, in a voice not devoid of emotion, "I've—I've actually prayed that you'd come back."

The Bum didn't notice the incongruity of Higginson's language. He was struggling with his own emotions. He was trying to venture that one question that had been uppermost in his heart since "Yankee Doodle" had sent the blood coursing through his veins and dragged him from his wretched abode into the atmosphere of better things, into the presence of representative men. Now, powerless with fear, he could not so much as mention their names—her name.

He would go. He wouldn't remain even though Higginson was most hospitable. Better tormenting uncertainty than torturing truth. He rose.

"I can't stay, Bill. You're too busy a man to be bothered with"—

"Sit right down there," said Higginson, forcing the Bum back in a quiet, masterful way. Then, with a quaver of tenderness in his voice, "Jim, I know what brought you back, and the sooner you know the better."

The Bum's heart came dangerously near stopping. It was, then, as he feared. Would Billy say "married" or—"dead"? He wouldn't wait to hear. Again he rose for flight. Higginson placed kindly restraining hands upon him.

"Beatrice Cuyler—is not married. She's still in love with you," said Higginson, looking at the Bum steadily.

Then he set his captive free, and the Bum walked to a window, where he stood looking out for a long time, but he was not studying the beauties or monstrosities of neighboring skyscrapers. He was dwelling on what seemed to him, as nearly as he could figure things out, possible impossibilities. And there was a warm, happy feeling within him, the like of which he had long since relinquished. He whistled "Yankee Doodle" softly, and Higginson wondered as he slipped into an adjoining room beyond the hearing of the Bum.

"Bring a complete outfit of my clothes," he telephoned in a low voice; "yes, everything—hat, necktie, shoes, the whole business. What? No, nothing's happened to me. I just want them for—Well, bring them along, and right away. And, say, Thomas, don't mention this to Mrs. Higginson."

The Bum turned as Higginson re-entered the room.

"Tell me about the others," he said.

For a long time Higginson talked. Things of vital interest had transpired since that mad, wild day of the Bum's disappearance.

His father had died leaving him a small fortune if he were ever found. His mother still lived. His sister Laura, as the Bum had already surmised, had married Higginson, and it was only a year since the marriage had occurred. Higginson and Laura were living in the old home with the Bum's mother.

Every known means had been employed and large sums of money spent in the search for the Bum, and year after year the family had remained in town late into the heat of the summer and had returned early in autumn, hoping against hope that he might come and there would be some one to welcome him.

Beatrice Cuyler cared little for social matters these days. She was going a good deal into the poor parts of the city trying to lessen the pangs of her own sorrowing heart by helping to alleviate the woes of others.

But Laura knew—and Laura hesitated not a moment to impart her knowledge to the sympathetic ears of Bill—that Beatrice Cuyler would go down to her grave unmarried unless Jim returned.

"Now, Jim Pierson," suddenly broke out Higginson—"now, I've something else to tell you. Blamed if I don't half believe you're the biggest fool ever was."

"I admit it," sadly replied the Bum, wriggling uncomfortably.

"Why, see here! After you lit out, some time within a year and a half, your brokers, Hopkins & Co., redeemed themselves. They made good up to 80 per cent on all accounts, yours among the rest. We've got it in trust for you right here in the bank, drawing interest. It's something like—well, I don't know exactly, but on toward a hundred thousand, I should say. And to think you've been—oh, blazes! Why didn't you come home long ago?"

For a moment the Bum's eyes bulged.

"What?" he exclaimed. "Do you mean to say I've something left out of that Hopkins mess?" His face beamed with incredulous hope. Then he remembered his present self. He raised his arms deprecatingly and shook his head.

"It's of no use to me," he sighed. "It's too late; I'm done for. You and Laura take it. There isn't enough man left in me to even so much as think of living the old life again, let alone making the effort."

He looked out of the window. Then, turning abruptly, he held out a hand.

"Goodby," he said. "I must be off. This visit has been everything to me. Don't let them know."

"You surely don't mean that you came here merely for a word and with

the intention of returning to your miserable existence? Why, we've grieved for you as for one dead, and do you imagine that I'm going to let you go? Don't you care any more for us than that?"

"I must go," stubbornly insisted the Bum.

"By heavens, you shall never leave this room except to come home to us!" Higginson was a man of strong nature. He was thoroughly aroused and was speaking forcefully. He could not allow the Bum to return to his misery. Higginson's forcefulness awoke the spirit of the man within the Bum.

"Do you suppose for one moment, Bill Higginson, that I—look at me—would face my mother, your wife—and her? Never! Let me go!"

Higginson broke into a torrent of imprecations. Long, earnestly, he pleaded. The Bum held out tenaciously. Then, little by little, he commenced to give way until he found himself as powerless to resist the strong love of the insistent man as he had been to stay the desire that turned his footsteps in the direction of Wall street.

Higginson saw the Bum was weakening and in desperation made his last attack.

"Jim"—his voice was heart reaching in its tenderness—"you couldn't have the heart to forsake us again just when we're—when we're expecting a little chap we've already named Jim?"

There was a long silence.

The dogged look in the Bum's eyes slowly disappeared. They became overcast with moisture. He reached a hand to Higginson, which Higginson did not now ignore.

"I'll go home with you," he said.

The offices of Higginson, Matthews & Pollock were located in one of those modern structures that afford tenants every convenience. A luxurious bathroom was one of the attachments, and it was here that the first move was made toward the outward transformation of the Bum. Merely a bath and clean linen have materially assisted many a bum on his way toward reformation. And Higginson's valet was a host within himself in the matter of grooming.

James Harvey Pierson surveyed himself in the long mirror and for the first time in five years of his self exile smiled happily into his own eyes, not so much in satisfaction with his improved appearance as with newly awakened hope and the anticipation of going home and to those who were longing to greet him.

He forgot for the moment that desolate day when, with fortune irretrievably swept away, he had voluntarily chosen complete isolation. For the moment also the bitter years that followed faded from his memory.

"By jingo!" exclaimed the delighted Higginson as Pierson emerged to view. "Man alive, you look as well as anybody. All you need is a little bracing up and filling out and somebody to put

new heart into you, and I guess it won't be long before your heart will be all right," he added, with a significant wink.

"Now," he continued, reverting to the eternal masculine, "let's go and have something to eat."

**Advice.**

"What's the best way to save money?" asked the thrifty youth.

"Quit reading the racing news and the market quotations."—Washington Star.

**Loud Talking.**

"Did you ever notice," he asked, "how foreigners always speak very loudly when talking with other persons of their own country?"

"I mean that foreigners traveling about in this country conduct their conversations at the top of their voices. The same is true of them in restaurants, where they discuss the most private matters openly and loudly. They have abundant confidence that no one else will know what they are saying."

"I remember on one occasion being on the street with a young woman who knew Italian much more than I did. We passed several Italians who were walking along, and one of them, turning to his companion, made a remark about the young woman's personal appearance that wasn't exactly flattering."

"From her face I know that she understood. I turned about angrily, but she put her hand on my arm and asked me not to do anything, so we let it go at that."

"Yes," said the other man, "and if you ever have been abroad you will remember that Americans and English there are quite as free in their way of expressing loudly all sorts of opinions. It looks like a standoff to me."—New York Sun.

**The Artist's Welcome.**

The famous son was coming home to pay his mother a visit. He was a pianist, had been sent abroad by wealthy friends for a four years' course in his chosen art, had thereafter spent a year on the concert stage there and behind a vaudeville newspaper reports of his success abroad, both musically and financially, he was now coming home. When he stepped from the train at Plattsville his mother rushed to him. When she had reached him, however, she suddenly gave a gasp and stood stock still, staring at him. The next moment she burst into sobs and fell on his neck.

"Henry, my poor Henry," the poor woman cried, "they told me you were doing so well over there and making money plentiful! My poor, poor boy!"

"What's the matter, mother?" exclaimed the bewildered son. "What makes you doubt what they told you?"

"Oh, Henry," she cried, unappeased, "I kin see how you've suffered! You haven't been able to scrape enough money together to get your hair cut!"

—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

**Difficult Things.**

To supply clean aprons for the lapse of time.

To pick the teeth of the wind.

To cure blisters on the heels of misfortune.

To wipe the mouth of a tunnel.

To pull the leg of a yachting course.

To break an arm of the sea.

To comb the head of a river.

To feed the hounds of a wagon.

To fit braces on the shoulder of a mountain.—Chicago News.

**Her Bad Accident.**

"Did you ever have a bad accident?" The lady chauffeur bit her lip.

"I met my husband by accident," she admitted.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

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